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# VOLUME XX.-NUMBER 28.1 Choice Boetry.

CENTENNIAL BELLS. BY BEBLANIN F. TAYLOR.

Ye beiftry'd blacksmiths in the air.
Smite your awest anvils good and strong!
Ye lious in your lofty lair.
Rear out from tower to tower, along
The wrinkled coasts and scalloped seas,
Till Winter meets the orange breeze
From bridal lands that always wear
The orange blossoms round their hair:
Centennial Bella, riog on!

Pour out, ye gobiets, far and near,
Your grand, melodious from flood,
Till pine and palm shall think they hear
The axes amite the stately wood,
Nor dream the measured cadence meant
The clock-tick of the continent!
The foot-ball of a world that nears
The field-day of a hundred years:
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Ye blessoms of the farmace fires, Ye iron talins, rock and swing; The People's Primal Age expires. A hundred years the reigning King. Strike on, ye hummers overhead, Ye rusty tongues, ring off the red, lting up the Concord Minnie Men, Ring out self Putnam's wolf again: Contennial Bells, ring on!

Where prairies hold their flowery breath,
Like statues in the marble ledge—
Where mountains set their glittering teeth
Through wide horizon's rugged edge.
And hold the world with granite grip,
As steady as a marble lip,
And here, and there, and everywhere,
With rhythmic thunder strikes the air,
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Ring down the curtain on to-day.
And give the Past the right of way.
Till fields of battle, red with rust,
Shine through the ashes and the dast,
Across the Age, and burn as plain
As glowing Mars through window pane.
How grandly loom, like grenadiers.
These heroes with their hundred years?
Centeunial Bells, ring on?

Ring for the blue-eyed errand boy.
That quavered up the belfry stair.
They've signed it! Signed it!" and the joy
Rolled forth as rolls the Delawars.
The old man started from a dream.
His white hair blow a silver stream.
Above his head, the bell unswang.
Dumb as a morning glory hung!
The time had come awaited long.
His wrinkled hand grew young and strong.
He grasped the rope, as men that drown.
Clutch at the life-line diriting down.
The iron dome as wildly flung.
As if Alaska's winds had rung.

Strange that the founder never knew, When from the molten glow he drew That bell, he hid within his rim An anthem and a birth-day hymn:

So rashly rung, so madly tossed, Its old melodious volume lost, Its thrilled horizon reut and cleft, Of sweet vibration all bereft; Of sweet vibration all bereft; And yet, to bear that toosin break The atlence of a hundred years, Its rude, discordant murmurs shake And rally out the soul in cheers, Would set me longing to be rid Of sweeter voices, and to bid Centennial Bells be dumb!

Although no mighty Muscovite,
No iron welkin rudely hurled,
That hell of Liberty and Right
Was heard around the Babel world!
Land of the green and golden robe!
A three-hours' jorney for the San,
Two cosans kiss thee round the globe.
Up the steep world thy rivers run,
From geologic ice to June:
A hundred years from night to noon!
In blossoms still, like Aaron's red!
The clocks are on the stroke of one,
One land, one tongue, one Flag, one Gob!
Centennial Bells, ring on!

# Select Story.

## WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS.

The parish of Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, ought to be reckoned among the classic spots of Scotland, inasmuch as it formed part of the dow-ry which Robert Bruce bestowed on his eldest ry which Robert Bruce bestowed on his eldest daughter, Margery, whou she married Walter, the High Steward of Scotland, and thus became the progenitrix of the royal and unlucky house of Sinart. Lying midway between Edinburgh and Glasgow, those rival queens of the east and west, but out of the common track of travel, it has been for ages a pastoral parish, of small and rather backward farms. Of late years, coal has been found there; and steam and trade, which but fair to leave the world no rustic corner, are rapidly turning it into a mining district; which nobody thought of about the time of the general peace, when Bathgate lived on its own oats and barley, wore its own hodden gray, and had two subjects of interest—the corn market and kirk assetion.

barley, were its own hodden gray, and had two subjects of interest—the corn market and kirk session.

Among its peaceable and industrious population there was one dame, who, though neither the wealthiest nor the best born, stood, in her own esteem, above all but the laird and the minister; and her style and title was the Widow Simpson. This lady valued herself—not on the farm left her by the good man who had departed this life some seven years before the commencement of our story—for its acres were few, and they consisted of half reclaimed moorland; not on her son Robin, although he was counted a likely and sensible lad; not on her thrifty housekeeping, though it was known to be on the tight acrew principle; but on the possession of a dozen silver tea-spoons. Her account of them was that they belonged to the Young Chevalier, and had been bestowed upon her grandfather in return for entertaining that claimant of the British throne, on his match from Culioden, in proof of which she was wont to point out a half obliterated crest, and the initials C. S., with which they were marked. The widow's pasiebbers, however, had a different tale regard-

of the British throne, on his march from Culioden, in proof of which she was wont to point out a half obliterated crest, and the initials C. S., with which they were marked. The widow's neighbors, however, had a different tale regarding their coming into the family. It was to the effect that her grandfather, who kept a small inn somewhere in Fife, had bought them from an ill-doing laird, for three gallons of Highland whiskey, and had bestowed them ou his granddaughter, as the one of his family most likely to hold fast to such an important acquisition.

In the family resided, in the capacity of help, one Nancy Campbell, a girl of about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the heart of the widow as regards a match, until at last the following event occurred, and caused her to give way:

About the haymaking time, a distant and comparatively rich relation, was expected to call and take tea one evening, on his way from Linlithgow. It was not often that this rich relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determining that nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy, tonching the care she should take to brighten them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of one of those uncertain days, which vary the Northern June, a certain days, which vary the Northern June, a certain days, which vary the Northern June, a certain daykening of the sky announced the approach of a heavy rain. The hay was dry, and ready for housing. Robin and two men were busy gathering it in, but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and with the instinct of crep preservation, forth rashed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the appons half scoured on the kitchen to latch the door. The weasel and the kite were the only depredators known about the morland farm; but while they a

should come that way but daft man.

Well, the kitchen door was open, and Geordy with the banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which ast purring on the window seat, and at which ast purring on the window seat, and at length discovered that there was nobody withlength discovered that there was nobody withlength discovered that there was no body with the staff of the settle with his staff, and the settle with his staff, length discovered that there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected,
that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of
the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would
return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's attention; one was the
brothpot boiling on the fire, and the ailver
spoons scattered on the table. Bending over
the former, Geordy took a considerable unif,
gave the ingredients a stir with the pot-stick,
and muttered, very thin. His proceeding in regard to the latter must remain unmentioned;

but half an hour after, when he was safely en-sconced in a farm house a mile off, and the family were driven within doors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been left —the broth on the fire, the cat on the window seat, the whiting and the flanuel on the table, but not a moon was there.

the broth on the fire, the cat on the window seat, the whiting and the flannel on the table, but not a spoon was there.

"Whar's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire, drying their wet garments. Nobody could tell. Nancy had left them on the table, when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house, they were certain, for nothing had been disturbed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stock was exhibited. Every shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, searching and scolding. Robin, Nancy and the farm men were dispatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsy might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish.

Nobody had thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not been spied from the hay-field; his circuits were wide; his visits to any house were not frequent; and if he eschewed Widow Simpson's from the day of her loss, it was believed Geordy knew that neither her temper nor liberality would be improved by that circumstance. Lost spoons they were, beyond doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses. The rich relation came at the appointed time, and had such a tea, that he vowed never to trust himself again in the house of his entertainer. But the search went en; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in

in the house of his entertainer. But the search went en; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The criers of the three nearest parishes were employed to proclaim the loss. It was regularly advertised at kirk gate and market place, and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search warrant for the beggar's meal pouch. Bathgate was alarmed through all its borders concerning the spoons; but when almost a month went, and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpies, to light on poor Nancy. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the table without hands. It was true that Nancy had always borne an unblemished character, but such spoons were not to be met with every day, and Mrs. Simpson determined to have them back in her stocking.

After sundry hints of increasing breath to Robin, who could not help thinking that his mother was losing her judgment, she one day made her charge, to the utter amazement and dismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to her own. Though poor, and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the whole contents of her kist, (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran with tears in her eyes to tell the minister.

As was then common in the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and disputes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates, were dreferred to his arbitration, and thus lawsnits or scandal prevented.

The minister had heard, as who in Bathgate had not, of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest

tion, and thus lawsuits or scandal prevented.

The minister had heard, as who in Bathgate had not, of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange, but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls in his congregation—he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true, yet the peculiarities of the case needed some investigation.

With some difficulty, the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a measure to the effect that he and two of his elders, who happened to reside in the neighborhood.

who happened to reside in the neighborhood, would come over the following evening, and hear what would be said on both sides, if possible, clear up the mystery. The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders coming to inquire after her spoons. She put on her best much—that is to say, cap—prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most relig-ions of her neighbors, to assist in the investiga-

ions of her neighbors, to assist in the investigation.

Early in the evening of the following day—
when the Summer sun was wearing low, and
the field work was over—they were all assembled in the clean-scoured kitched, the minister,
elders and neighbors, soberly listening to Mrs.
Simpson's testimony touching her lost silver,
Nancy, Robin and the farm men sitting by, till
their turns came; when the door, which had
been left half open, to admit the breeze—for the
evening was sultry—was quietly pushed aside,
and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual accompaniments, of staff and wallet.

"There's nae room for you here, Geordy," said
the widow; "we're on weighty business."

"Well, mem," said Geordy Wilson, turning to
depart, "it's of nae consequence. I only came
to speak about your spoons."

"Hae ye heard of them !" cried Mrs. Simpson,
pouncing from her seat.

pometing from her seat.
"I could na miss hearin', blossed wi' the pre-

"I could na miss hearin', blessed wi' the precions gift o' hearin', and what's better, I saw them," said Geordy.
"Saw them, Geordy! Whar are they! Here is a whole shillin' for ye;" and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced.
"Well," said Geordy, "I stepped in, one day, and seein' the silver ungarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and laid it by, I may say, among the leaves of that Bible, thinkin' you would be sure to see the spoous when you went to read."

Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Naucy Campbell had brought down the proudly

Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed but never opened Bible; and inter-spersed between, lay the dozen of long sought spoons.

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity, while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused.

mand his gravity, while admonishing teerdy on the tromble and vexation his trick had cansed. The neighbors langhed ontright, when the daft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all, that he kenned Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often, the spoons would be sure to turn up. Geordy got many a basiu of broth, and many a luncheon of bread and cheese, on account of the transaction, with which he amased all the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck damb, even from scolding.

The discovery put an end to her estentations professions, and, it may be hoped, turned her attention more to practice. By way of making amend for her unjust impetations on Nancy Campbell, she consented to receive her as a daughter-in law, within the same year; and it is said there was peace, ever after, in the farmhouse; but the good people of Bathgate, when discussing a character of more pretense than performance, still refer to Widow Simpson's spoons.

SECOND ONLY TO LINCOLN,-Mr. Beecher, in his Thanksgiving sermon, thus referred to Presi-

SECOND ONLY TO LINCOLN.—Mr. Beecher, in his Thankagiving sermon, thus referred to President Grant.

"I come now to regard the party in whose hands the government has been for fitteen years. I hear men to-day finding fault with those in power, but was there ever an administration that had such difficulties to settle?

"By and by, when it is all past, then the lives of these men who have assisted in the reformation of the land will stand higher than the men who formed the constitution, and nof far fore on a margin will be that man who with his sured put an ead to the rebellion; and who has been for eight years at the head of an administration in peace. He will stand second only to Lincoln."

"JEST SO—The following item from the New York World reflects the sentiments of the whole country and only to lincoln."

"Jest So—The following item from the New York World reflects the sentiments of the whole country and world reflects the sentiments of the whole country and the land will be a sent and the land of the whole country and the decountry and the land of the whole country and certain the free country, and certain the properties of the sent the properties of the whole country and the land of the whole country and the figure of Napoleou.

"And I'm Rapoleou, fallen from my throne."

"And I'm Napoleou, fallen from my throne."

"And I'm Search from Mither figure."

"And I'm Search from my throne."

"And I'm Search from my throne."

"And I'm Search from figure."

"And

# Miscellany.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR. Good bye, Old Year, good-bye; You've been a good eld friend. And yet the awestest love must die. The dearest friendship end. Old Year— The dearest friendship end.

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye; Your sunshine and your showers; Your am les, your tears, are all gone by, They'll never more be ours, Old Year— They'll never more be ours.

Good-bys, Old Year, good-bys; One last look on your face— Alas! the parting hour is nigh; . The New Year dawns apace, Old Year— The New Year dawns apace.

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye; We'll never meet again; I class your band, I breathe a sigh, But memories still remain, Old Year— Your memory'll still remain.

JOEL HOPPS. The other day, while we were sauntering down Chestnut Street, who should tap uso n the shoul-der but our jolly friend, Joe, whom we had known but a month! We were detained for a moment by the large crowd of wondering peo-ple watching the beautiful mechanical figures of Cleopatra and her family in the show window of

near the door.

The figures were moving, and the waiting maid was presumedly filling a beaker with nectar to tender to her beautiful mistress, when suddenly there came a voice from the maid's

"What shall it be, my lady f" were the words.

"Take rum, ma," the child at her feet appeared to say, and the maid repeated it:
"Rum!" "Run!"
"Let it be so," Cleopatra apparently said in reply, adding, pettishly, "what are all those people staring at?"
Wonder perched high on each brow, and the

figures are so natural, and moved with such grace, many there were who thought the occu-pants of the window were living beings, especi-ally one old man from the country, who was fumbling in his pocket for money to buy a tick-Seeing the old farmer was inclined to believe

Seeing the old farmer was inclined to believe in her, Cleopatra observed:

"It is a fine day, Sir Farmer."

"Et, madame!" pulling off his hat, and bobbing his head.

"I observed that it was a beautiful day."

"Mazingly fine day," again bowing. "May I ask why you sit in that air winder all the time, staring at folks! My ol' ooman here sayayou've been sitting there two weeks, and she knows it."

"It is true," Cleopatra said; "those cruel men inside keep me here because I am a queen of beauty, and attract passers by."

"Oh, ho! Its that ol' wickedness at the hole there, selling tickets!"

"That is my keeper, alas!"

"That is my keeper, alas!"

"That is my keeper, alas!"

"That brain him!" the old farmer cried, gallantly, rolling up his sleeves. "My ol' 'ooman here is a 'ooman, and I can't see a nuther 'ooman in distress. I'll brain ol' wickedness!"

The old chap was in desperate earnest, and Cleopatra bade him stay.

"Do nothing of the sort, my good man," she pleaded. "You'll get yourself into [trouble."

"Can't I reskie ye, lady!"

"No—I am to be a prisoner for evermore."

"Oh, ho! That's sail! sai! Coupe. ol'

"There is some trick about it," he said : "but "There is some trick about it," he said; "but come, let's while away an hour with the old farmer inside. He has settled matters with his wife, who is to stay with the "beautifil lady," and has passed in.

"Joel Hopps, why do you come here?" were the first words he heard, in a deep voice, from a mummy.

munmy.

"Gr-gr-great Jew-peter!" cried the farmer, thoroughly bewildered, "are you chaps all alive, and just playing off!"

"We are all alive! all alive!" said the munmy, in a sad tone. "I have been alive eighteen hun dred years." "Dew tell ! you can tell a fellow all about the

"Dew tell! you can tell a fellow all about the flood, then f"

"I could tell you, sir, how the world looked when it was fresh and young, and the flood had still left it green. I lived before the Roman Empire had begun, and when it ended. Queer tales I would tell, but I am sworn to secreey. But leave me; go and release those poor fellows who are being tortured by the flends of the Spanish Inquisition! Release them! release them!"

I began to get a little startled; and wondered what imp of mischief had got into this museum, and I positively shrank away, when a shriek rang out right behind me, seemingly from the lips of a young girl on the torture bench.

"O, help! help! help!" she cried, in tones that went to the very soul. "Help me, Joel Hopps!"
Hopps pulled off his coat and dashed in among the figures, singled out the girl, and tore her away from the torture bench, when the shrieks began to ring out from all the waxen figures, those in the leg screws, those on the rack, and those in the torture spider.

"Help! help! O, help! help!"

The keepers were thoroughly startled, and for a moment, could not speak. But when they saw Joel plunge away with the figures, and jerk them around, they laid hands on him, and held him fast.

"Away, ye infernal Inquisitors!" he gried.

him fast.

"Away, ye infernal Inquisitors!" he cried, thrashing around. "D'ye think Joel Hopps is going to see those poor critters in distress? Away!"

And he kicked a weak, pale young man across the room into the stomach of the tattooed man, threw another on top of the dying zonave, and jerked the victims of the inquisition all around the room, and finally fell back exhausted, knocking the figure of Napoleon the III. against Prince Bismarck, who tumbled into the lap of the figure of Cora Pearl.

ure of Cora Pearl.

The sbricking ceased, and Joel Hopps, puffing and blowing, wiped his face with a large red "You fellars ain't nothing beside me," he said,
"when I'm fighting for a woman or my kentry.
My beauty! poor girl, do you feel better!"
She shricked dismally.
The proprietor came in theu, in a dreadful

#### TRENTON. Or Footsteps in the Snow.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1876.

A Tradition of Christmas Night, 1776.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was a dark and dreary night, one hundred years ago, when in an succent farm-house that rises along yonder shore, an old man and his children had gathered around their Christmas

rises along yonder shore, an old man and his children had gathered around their Christman hearth.

It was a lovely picture.

That old man sitting there on the broad hearth, in the full glow of the flame—his dame, a fine old matron, by his side—his children, a band of red-lipped maidens—some with slender forms just trembling on the verge of girlhood—others warming and flushing into the Sammer morn of womanhood! And the warm glow of the fire was upon the white locks of the old man, and on the mild face of his wife, and the young bloom of those fair daughters.

Had you, that dark night—for it was dark and cold—while the December sky gloomed above, and the sleet sweps over the hills of the Delaware—drawn near the farm-house window, and looked in upon that Christmas hearth, and drank in the full beauty of that seene—you would confess with me that though this world has many beautiful scanes—much of the strangely beautiful in poetry—yet there, by that hearth, centered and brightened and burned that poetry which is the most like heaven and the poetry of home!

You have all heard the story of the convict who steed on the gallows, imbrued in crime; steeped to the lips in blood—stood there mocking the preacher's prayer, mocking even the hangman! When suddenly, as he stood with the rope about his neck, his head sunk, a single, burning, scalding tear rolled down his cheek.

"I was thinking of the Christmas fire."

Yes, in that moment, when the preacher failed to warn, when even the hangman could not awe—a thought came over the convict's heart, of that time when a father and his children, in a far land, gathered around their Christmas fire.

That thought melted his iron soul.

"I care not for your ropes and gibbets," said he. "But now, in the far land—there, over the waters—my father, my brother, my sisters, are sitting around the Christmas fire! They are waiting for me! And I am here, upon the scaffold!"

Is there not a deep poetry in the scene that could touch a murderer's heart, and melt it into

Is there not a deep poetry in the scene that could touch a murderer's heart, and melt it into

could touch a murderer's neart, and meit it into tears.

And as the old man, his wife, his daughters, cluster around their fire, tell me, why does that old man's head droop slowly down, his eyes fill, his hands tremble?

Ah, there is one absent from the Christmas

by this footstep, stamped in blood, I judge that his army is passing near the place?"

Still that mean quivers on the air?

Then the old man and that young girl, following those footsteps stained in blood—one—two—three—four—look how the red tokens crimson the white snow!—following those bloody footprints, they go on nutil they reach the rock, beetling over the river shore.

There the lantern flashes over the form of a half-naked man, crouching down in the snow, freezing and bleeding to death.

The old man looked upon the form, clad in ragged uniform of the Continental army; the stiffened fingers grasped the battle musket.

It was his only son.

He called to him—the young girl knelt—you may be sure there were tears in her eyes—chafed her brother's hands—ah, they were stiff and cold! And when she could not warm them, gathered them to her young bosom, and wiped her tears upon his dying face.

"Look there, father!" he said, in his husky voice.

"Look there, father!" he said, in his busky voice.

And, bending down over the rock, the old man looked far over the rivet.

There, under the dark sky, a fleet of boats were tossing amid the piles of floating ice. A fleet of boats bearing men and arms, and extending in irregular lines from shore to shore.

And the last boat of the fleet, that boat just leaving the western shore of the Delaware: the old man saw that, too, and saw, even through the darkness, you tall form, half muffled in a warrior's cloak, with a gray horse by his side.

Was not that a strange sight to see at dead of night, on a dark river, under a dark sky?

The old man turned to his dying son, to ask the meaning of this mystery.

"Father," gasped the brave boy, tottering to his feet. "Father, give me my musket; help me on; help me down to the river; for to-night; to-night.—"

As that word was on his lips, he fell! He fell,

Ah! that was a merry Christmas party which the British officers kept in the town of Trenton, one hundred years ago—although it is true, that to that party there came an uninvited guest, one Mr. Washington, his half-clad army, and certain bold Jerseymen. Would that I might linger here upon the holy

### NEW YEAR'S EVE. The dear Old Year is drifting

Into the silent past; longed for;
The New Year we have longed for;
Is coming now at last.
And we look andly backward,
And sigh with vain regret;
We do not know what blessings
May wait to crown us yet. We know not yet what sorrow
The infant year may bring;
Nor do we know what gladness
It bears upon its wing.
Oh! why, then, should the shadow
Of evil that may come,
Darken the cloudless present,
Or cast upon it gloom?

The dear Old Year is fleeting.
And what bringeth the New!
Oh! loved friends of the Old Year
Oh! faithful ones, and true!
Will Old Year's happy mem'ries.
That elling to us to-night.
Vanish like fiful shadows.
At the first dawn of light!

The hopes that we have cherished.
The joys that we have known.
The frends who shared our pleasure
The love that was our own.
Their memory shall linger.
It cannot pass away;
Only new hopes, new pleasures.
Shall rise up day by day.

The good Old Year is dying— What care we! Let him die! For with him will not perish Aught that is worth a sigh. The New Year only meanuth New time for labor given; We've gained another mile stone Upon the road to Heaven.

And yet we fain would linger, To look back o'er the past; Oh! happy days of childhood, Too bright, too fair to last! The New Year that is coming— What will it bring instead Of pleasures that have faded, Of hopes and joys long dead!

Oh, list! the bells are ringing
To welcome New Year in;
But the Old Year is dying.
As New Year doth begin:
The sound of that gay chiming,
Makee us both hope and fear;
With mingled joy and sorrow,
We hall the glad New Year.

THE PRESIDENCY.

Aspirations that were Blasted in the Bud-Thomas Jeffersow in the Role of a Defented Candidate—The Triple Bianster of Charles C. Pincka ey - Circumstances Attending the Discomfigure of Jackson, Crawford, Clay, Webster, Cass, Bonglas, Fremont, Seward, and Greeley.

cial Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.

"Maxingly fine day," again bowing, "May is ask thy you sit in that air winder all the time staring at folks? My ol' ooman here says you've been sitting there two weeks, and she knows it."

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"Ib brain ol' wickedness."

"The old chap was in desperate earnest, and Cleopatra bade him stay.

"Do nothing of the sort, my good man," she pleaded. "You'l' get yourself into fromble."

"No—I am to be a prisoner for evermore."

"Oh, ho! That's sail sail sail come, ol' ooman, well go in and see the munmies and things; but I'll try and find a way to reskie ye, lady, so my name is Joel Hopps."

"Thank yon! thank yon!" said Cleopatra, with that sweet smile that is ever on her face." is shall remember your kindness, forever."

"Thank yon! thank yon!" said Cleopatra, with that sweet smile that is ever on her face, "I shall remember your kindness, forever."

While the old farmer was treating the door keeper to some true rural English, because "to hades were admitted," the crowd gaped and stared in wonderment. Jolly Joe laughed slightly, and I asked him what he suppessed had got into these wax figures, as it was really not their custom to engage in conversation.

"There is some trick that is ever on her face, "I shall remember your kindness, forever."

"Hat have been deroop slowly down, his eyes fill, his hands tremble!"

"It is true," Cleopatra said; "the cond the hole there is the hole there, selling the cond that in this country since the Cincinnati Gazette.

Ah, there is one absent from the Christmas hearth!

He is thinking of the absent one—his mally, his hearth to be farm-house a war.

But hark! Even as the thought comes over the farm-house a war in use, the was son unon varied to the

DEFRATED CANDIDATES. DEFRATED CANDIDATES.

The first defeated candidate for the Presidency was Thomas Jefferson, who in 1797 had big ballots against John Adams, 71. This was as slender a majority as can be found in our history down to the present day. Jefferson's disappointment, however, was fully compensated for by his election four years afterward. A peculiar feature in this canvass is the fact that it brought a President and Vice President into office who were in direct antagonism the one being a Fed. a President and Vice President into office who were in direct antagonism, the one being a Federalist, while the other was Democratic. This division was very embarrassing to the Executive! The next defeated candidate was Aaron Burr, who, in 1801, really expected election, but after thirty-six ballotings the tie between him and Jefferson was broken, and the latter obtained a majority of two. Burr became Vice-President, but before his office had expired he killed Hamilton, and that blasted his prospects, both social and political. Four years afterward Jefferson was re-elected almost unanimously, the Federalists having carried but two States, whose votes went for Charles C. Pinckney. With so small a chance for success, the latter could hardly be called a disappointed caudidate.

leaving the western shore of the Delaware: the old man saw that, too, and saw, even through the darkness, you tall form, half muffled in a warrior's cloak, with a gray horse by his side.

Was not that a strange sight to see at dead of night, on a dark river, under a dark sky?

The old man turned to his dying son, to ask the meaning of this mystery.

"Father," gasped the brave boy, tottering to his feet. "Father, give me my musket; help me on; help me down to the river; for to night to-night—"

As that word was on his lips, he fell! He fell, and lay there stiff and cold. Still on his lips there hung some faintly spoken words.

The old man, that fair girl, bent down; they listened to those words—

"To-wight! Washington, the British, to-night, TRENTON!"

And with that word gasping on his lips, "TRENTON!"

And with that word gasping on his lips, word until the next morning. Then there was the sound of musketry to the south; then, boning along the Delaware, came the roar of battle. Then that old man, with his wife and children, gathered around the body of that dead boy, knew the meaning of that single word that had frem bled on his lips.

Knew that George Washington bad burst like a thunder-bolt upon the British camp at Trenton.

Ah! that was a merry Christmas party which the British officers kept in the town of Trenton, one hundred years ago—although it is true, the British officers kept in the town of Trenton, one hundred years ago—although it is true, then one of the British officers kept in the town of Trenton, one hundred years ago—although it is true, the British officers kept in the town of Trenton, one hundred years ago—although it is true, then one of the policies of the saw that died bere, it is a curious coincidence that Monroe and Tompkins was chosen Vice-President) both died and were buried in this city, and what renders it more noticeable is the fact that they are the one mains of Monroe were removed to Richmond a few years ago, but the grave of Tompkins may be seen in St. Mark's Churchyard. He and A.

CRAWFORD AND CLAY.

The election of John Quincy Adams was accomplished in the House of Representatives. The disappointed candidates were Andrew Jackson, William H. Crawford, and Henry Clay. Jackson became Adams' successor, while Crawford soon sank into obscurity, but Clay was reserved to protracted disappointment. It was his first appearance as a Presidential candidate, but he had previously been five times elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, and served the usual two-year term. Crawford is now seldom mentioned, but he then had 41 votes for President, being four more than Clay. He had long been a man of note, having served as Foreign Minister and Secretary of the Treasury. He was also a Presidential candidate at the time of Monroe's second election, and would no doubt have been successful in 1825 had not a coalition been formed against him. Another disappointed candidate was John C. Calhoun, who was for eight years Vice-President, but his ambition never made any higher attainment. CRAWFORD AND CLAY. CLAY'S ILL LUCK.

CLAY'S ILL LUCK.

Henry Clay's resplendent genius was set off by remarkable ill success in the operations of his Presidential ambition. He was six times elected Speaker of Congress, and was also a Foreign Minister, besides holding the office of Secretary of State under Quincy Adams, but when his grasp was directed to the chief office in the Nation's giff, it was a failure. In 1825 he had 37 votes. In 1832, when he ran against Jackson, he had 49. If he had been nominated in 1840 he would have been easily elected, but Harrison was placed on the course, much to the annoyance of both Clay and his friends. In 1844, a prodigious effort was made to elect him, but failed. There is no doubt that the next cat was

would have given hitu the office, but General Taylor was nominated, and that ended the hopes of the unsuccessful but brilliant statesman.

WEBSTER.

WEBSTER.

He was a Presidential candidate in 1836, and received the vote of Massachusetts. After this New England continually maintained his claims to that high office, and his ambition was continually flattered by the hope of success. A strenuous effort was made at the last Whig Nation all Convention (1852) to secure his nomination, but it failed. General Scott was placed on the course, and Webster was terribly disappointed. Had he lived a month longer he would have seen the defeat of Scott and the utter ruin of the Whig party, but he died before election. Webster and Clay were no doubt the chief sufferers by Presidential disappointment, and the defeat of the latter was not only a crushing blow to himself, but was keenly fait by his friends who were linked with him with bonds of peculiar affection.

Cass and others.

Lewis Cass for many years aspired to the Presidency, and in 1848 got the Democratic nomination, but was beaten by Taylor, whose majority, however, was only 36 votes. Thomas H. Benton was another aspirant, but never reached the dignity of a nomination. Stephen A. Donglas pursued the Presidential bubble for many years. He sacrificed to this the peace of a nation by destroying the Missouri Compromise, and the result was a cruel war. Seldom has greater misery followed ambition. John C. Fremont, although defeated by Buchanau, can hardly be viewed as a disappointed man, for his nomination was totally unexpected, and his election was beyond hope. Winfield Scott, however, was a great sufferer; having the example of Jackson and Taylor before him, he naturally supposed his military achievements would ensure him an election. In this he was grievously mistaken, for he had only 42 votes, while Pierce bad 254. Scott indeed only carried four States, and his defeat terminated the Whig party, as noble an element in the American politics as it ever contained. CASS AND OTHERS.

One of the most important of our disappointed candidates, was William H. Seward. He was one of the founders of the Republican party, and was its strongest advocate in the Senate. Under these circumstances, both he and his friends considered his claims to party support paramount to all others.

sidered his claims to party support paramount to all others.

The New York delegation at the Chicago Convention in 1860 made a prodigious effort to procure his nomination. So confidently did they expect success, that a large portrait in oil of Mr. Seward was in readiness to float before the Convention as soon as his nomination should be announced. The portrait never was exhibited. Mr. Seward's nephew, who brought it to the Convention, took it back with him, and such was his disappointment at the result, that he died on his return journey, and was brought home in his coffin.

Four years ago at this time, Greeley was on his death-bed, his last days being clouded by the vagaries of a bewildered intellect. In many respects this solemn event recalls the grand finale in Lear, his last thought being on his children, or rather that one who was the special favorite. Greeley was the most utterly defeated of all Presidential candidates, for he lost his life in the contest whose straggles were so intensified by domestic misfortune. Although coming in the record of ill success, Mr. Greeley was not so much disappointed as he was sacrificed. He hardly expected the office at first, and after the campaign really set in, he abandoned all hope. For three months he labored assiduously for a cause which he knew was to be defeated. He also knew that those who claimed to be his friends were doing all in their power to destroy him. He was the greatest sacrifice ever made to political expediency. Little indeed could he have dreamed of the result, when he took the have dreamed of the result, when he took the

THE MONUMENT.

THE MONUMENT.

Horace direcley is the only unsuccessful Presidential candidate that is buried in Greenwood Cometery. His character, however, is so grand, that the Presidency could have added no honor. He was great even to sublimity in this point, that he loved truth and labored for mankind. The monument over his grave is one of respectable character, but all that really is wanted is the name of Greeley. The thought that strikes one at such a place is how little there is of such a man that can die. Greeley has stamped his impress on the journalism of America, and also on its national character. He lives with the full power of a grand destiny, which has at last triumphed after a life of conflict. Greeley was for weeks previous to the election conscious of the fraud practiced on him. He knew that such men as Dana and his associates—men who were capable of any degree of perfidy—were using fair words to his face, when they were stabbing him behind his back. Could he now return to life, what satisfaction it would afford him to see the Tribuse battling for the right as in the olden time. This, indeed, through the whole campaign, has been one of the most cheering spectacles witnessed by

THE KNICKERBOCKER BROTHERS. THE MONUMENT.

John Randolph's old Roanoke plantation, says a correspondent of the Springfield Republican, is now owned by Judge Boulding, of the Supreme Beach of the State. The residence is situated in an oak grove, with an exposure to the south and west, fronting and overlooking the valley. In 1810, when Randolph first came there to live, he called it "a savage solitude;" but he bardly ever wearied of his beautiful oaks. He allowed the underbrush to grow at will, and never trimmed the trees. During his absence, the overseer cut away from a tree before his house a limb which brushed against a window. On his return he asked the reason, and being informed, replied, "why didn't you move the house, sir!" The old English barons of fendal times were his ideals. His home, however, was a low cottage house, which has disappeared, though his summer residence near by is still standing. He drove in a coach and four, where it was possible, upon his numerous journeys. His slaves were always well treated. No grain was ever sold from off Mr. Randolph's land. He always said that his blacks should raise what was needed on the plantation, but no more. Finally, in his will, he made provisious for freeing them all, three hundred in number. He had been malterably opposed to the Missouri Compromise, by which the domain of slavery was restricted; he had upheld the divine right of slavery through evil report and good report; and yet in his will occur these words: "I give and bequeath to all my slaves their freedom, heartily regretting that I have been the owner of one." Further than this, he provided for the purchase of slaver, through evil report and good report; and yet in his will my slaves their freedom, heartily regretting that I have been the owner of one." Further than this, he provided for the purchase of slaver, through evil report and good report; and yet in his will my slaves their freedom, heartily regretting that I have been the owner of one." Further than this, he provided for the purchase of slaves. Those who remember Mr. Randolph, sa

The Cleveland Plaindealer, on the Oregon Tilden vote, anya, "You can't go behind the Governor." The Governor will be glad to hear it. Nothing else could have saved him from being kicked over the Rocky Mountains.—Ohio State

It is related that during a recent public welcome to Gen. Butler, Bangor, Me., there was stretched across a street a flag bearing the motto: "Welcome to Gen. Butler, the 'Hero of Five Forks,' and God knows how many spoons."

HERR are some classic names of towns in the "pocket" of Indiana: Crowbait, Gabtown, Lick-skillet, Polkpatch, Buckskin, Rear and Charge, Shoestring, Babytown, Shanghai, Stretchet.

ROBERT BURDETTE is the name of the funny man of the Burlington Hawkeye.

The palace in Genos once complete by Byron has been burned.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,016. OUR LAND.

BY ALFRED B. STREET

[AIR—"America."]
On our Centennial height,
Warm love and proud delight
Fill every breast;
Blessings, all round, we meet;
Praise, with thy anthems, gree
North to the South repeat?
East to the West.

Where spreads the peopled earth, Foreboding Freedom's birth, Our bright flag glows— Red, for our battle sign; White, for our peace benign; Stars, for our States in twins; Stripes for our foes.

Broad smiles our lofty Land, Each side an ocean grand; Soows linked to flowers. As our flag bleads if dyes, So sons of different skies Find a fixed home to prize In our free lowers. To HIM all bend the knee!
Shali not the future see
Greater our clime!
Vaster our living tide,
Harvests and humes allied,
Knowledge spread far and wide,
Till latest Time!

[From the Toledo Blade.] THE NASBY LETTERS.

Nashy's Psalm of Woc-Mr. Nashy Realizes that the Democracy Is Busted, and Indulg-ov in a "Wale". The Nigger Will Iwet, But the Will Swet for Minerif, and Will Eat the Fruit av His Own Laber.

Yisterday I appinted the follerin be chantid in ne meetin-house:

SAM UV WO! We are busted!

We are busted!
Floridy, Loosianer, South Kerliny!
In vane Wade Hampton rode the State with his rifle clubs; in vane niggers waz killed, and in vane did we keep em away from the poles.
We didn't keep quite enuff uv em away, for sum uv the cusses managed to vote, and ther votin waz our deth.
We bull dozed em in vane, for our bull-dozin didn't go fur enuff.
The wind that bloweth from the South is a bitter wind and chilly, and its sound to us is a sigh.

sigh.

Oregon is a slite hope, but the Republikin Senit will bust that.

Oregon is a sinte nope, but the Republikin Senit will bust that.

Bein bustid is our normal condishen.

I hev endoored more bustin than falls to the lot uv man, and I sigh for a change.

Floridy waz our persimmon, and we reached for it, but our pole wuzn't long enuff.

In vane we countid dubble—in vane we kept out returns; the Radikels scooped us.

And Looisianer, wo is us, will be returned for Haze, wich settles our hash.

We held out three accs, but Kellogg held four kings—yes, and he cood hev played five, of they hed bin needed—and he rakes the pot.

Uv wat avale is it to kill niggers, and keep em away from the poles, of we are not allowed to count the Parishes wherin we did it?

We do the wickiduis, and are swindled out uv our reward therfor.

our reward therfor.

We killed a thousand niggers in the South.

And ex we git nothin by it, it is a grate waste

And ex we git nothin by it, it is a grate waste uv nigger.

Troo, we hed the fun uv it, but we are not in condishn to do things for fun.

We spent a million uv shekels on Noo York, and got a majority uv 30,000, when 5,000 wood hev dun ez well.

Why didn't we scatter them votes in Wisconsin and Floridy, and smite the enemies uv reform?

The Irish votid viggerously, and the repectors was faithful, but we put em in the rong place.

Like meesles, reform repeaters need to be scattered.

emies is bein stall-fed.

The postoffises, the custom-houses, the collecterships, wich we yerned after, are es fur from

us ex they wux a year ago.

We got near enuff to smell uv em, and the smell therof enrages us.

The tiger tastes blood, but he wants his fill we been't got a taste, but the smell that we

did git sets us crazy, and we nash our teeth.

Mourn, Kentucky, for the niggers will still be Weep, ye daughters uv Kentucky, for you will still hev to dress yoorselves and wash yoor own clothes, or pay for doin the same, the same ex

clothes, or pay for doin the same, the same exother peeple do.

Mourn, oh, ye sons av the South, for ye will
till yoor feelds, or ye will pay for the tillia uv em,
or they will grow up to the jimson.

The nigger will swet, but he will swet for hisself, and will eat the froot uv his own laber.

He won't be a slave, and ex he will hev courts,
his labor will ye not smonge him out nv.

The carpet bagger will possess the land, and
he will bild factries, and shops, and skools, and
he will go to Congris and the Legislacher.

And the South will becam even as Massychoosits is, yea worse, for the soil is better; and the
carpit-bagger will have a better show for his
laber.

The plesant note uv the revolver and the unsic uv the shot-gun will no more be heard in all

the shot-gun will no more be heerd in all the land, and ther will be hangin for murder.

The shivelry will hev to laber for his bred, or fill his stumick with clay.

Ther will be no more draw-poker, nor pint yooker—quarter racin will be not, for wher is the stamps comin from, of we are deprived uver blue.

our laber.

Kin we raise another rebelyun! Not any.

For the South hez hed his belly full av fitin.

We wood fite, but the Northern Dimocrisy darent, and the Southern Dimocrisy don't want

We kin pass resolooshens, and howl, but resolv-We kin pass resolooshens, and howl, but resolvin and howlin won't give us the postoffises, and
wat is a guvernment without them?

Bascom's will be deserted, and the grass will
grow on the paths leadin therto.

For without the offises, out uv wich to gather
shekels, how are we to pay for that wich comforts us?

Bascom will lead at his back.

shekele, how are we to pay for that wich comforts as?

Bascom will look at his books, and the teers uv wo will streem down his cheeks.

For he will say, Nasby oweth me this, and Pogram that, and Issaker, hevin a stronger constituoshen, more than both.

Lo, these yeers hev I formisht em with sustenance, and now when my barls is empty, the last chance uv gittin em filled is gone forever.

And ther is no hope uv bildin up another trade, for the nigger postmaster don't drink, and the nigger farmers waste ther money on goods at Pollock's.

He will foreclose on the Deckin, and Issaker will he sell out, and they will perish from the face uv the erth.

And he wood levy onto me, only I ain't got nothin to levy onto, halleloojy.

And all this war becox we didn't kill enuff niggers!

gers! Our walls is tore down, and our strong places Our walls is tore down, and our strong places is made desolate.

Ex for me, my mind is made op. I shel quit polytics, and shel go into filanthropy.

I wood go onto the hiway, but ther ain't money enuf in the Corners to buy me a revolver.

My mishen henceferth will be to collect funda among Northern Dimocrats to establish a heapital for decayed Kedtuckians with expected posishens under Tilden. I shel appeal for a miliyan, and of their is any bowels into them, they will respond librelly. I shel present myself ex a sample, and of my wobegone face don't fetch em, they must hev harts uv stim.

PETROLEUM V. NASSY, Ex-Reformer.

BUBLINGTON Hawkeys: Parliament at its last accession out down Queen Victoria's allowance to \$8,270 per day, and the poor old girl spends her hours atting with a fachion magazine in her lap, and holding an old dress in each hand, wondering how she can contrive to make one new one out of the two. Heaven help the poor.

A QUINCY architect wants to know if that South Carolina Returning Board, of which he has heard so much, is palmetto or pine.

WALT WRITMAN is writing a poem to Tom Paine. Happily for Tom, he is deed, and won't have to read it.